

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green
Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes
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SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invaded the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, county judge and eccentric recluse, following a veiled woman who proves to be the widow of a man tried before the judge and electrocuted in the state prison. Her daughter is engaged to the judge's son, from whom he is estranged, but the murder is between the lovers. She plans to clear her husband's memory and asks the judge's aid. Deborah Scoville, the newspaper clippings telling the story of the murder of Algernon Etheridge by John Scoville in Dark Hollow, twelve years before. The judge and Mrs. Scoville meet at Spencer's Folly and she shows him how, on the day of the murder, she saw the shadow of a man, whittling a stick and wearing a long peaked cap. The judge engages her and her daughter Reuther to live with him in his mysterious home. Deborah and her lawyer, Black, go to the police station and see the stick used to murder Etheridge. She discovers a broken knife-blade point embedded in it. Deborah and Reuther go to live with the judge. Deborah sees a portrait of Oliver, the judge's son, with a black band painted across the eyes. That night she finds, in Oliver's room, a cap with a peak like the shadowed one, and a knife with a broken blade-point. Anonymous letters and a talk with Miss Weeks increase her suspicions and fears. She finds that Oliver was in the ravine on the murder night. Black warns her and shows her other anonymous letters hinting at Oliver's guilt.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Madam, we have said our say on this subject. If you have come to see the matter as I see it, I can but congratulate you upon your good sense, and express the hope that it will continue to prevail. Reuther is worthy of the best—" he stopped abruptly. "Reuther is a girl after my own heart," he gently supplemented, with a glance toward his papers lying in a bundle at his elbow, "and she shall not suffer because of this disappointment to her girlish hopes. Tell her so with my love."

It was a plain dismissal. Mrs. Scoville took it as such, and quietly left the room. As she did so she was approached by Reuther, who handed her a letter which had just been delivered. It was from Mr. Black, and read thus:

"We have found the rogue and have succeeded in inducing him to leave town. He's a man in the bill-sticking business and he owes to a grievance against the person we know."

Deborah's sleep that night was without dreams.

About this time the restless pacing of the judge in his study at nights became more frequent and lasted longer. In vain Reuther played her most cheerful airs and sang her sweetest songs, the monotonous tramp kept up with a regularity nothing could break.

"He's worried by the big case now being tried before him," Deborah would say, when Reuther's eyes grew wide and misty in her sympathetic trouble. And there was no improbability in the plea, for it was a case of much moment, and of great local interest. A man was on trial for his life and the circumstances of the case were such that the feeling called forth was unusually bitter; so much so, indeed, that every word uttered by the counsel and every decision made by the judge were discussed from one end of the county to the other, and in Shelby, if nowhere else, took precedence of all the other topics, though it was a presidential year and party sympathies ran high.

The more thoughtful spirits were inclined to believe in the innocence of the prisoner; but the lower elements of the town, moved by class prejudice, were bitterly antagonistic to his cause and loud for his conviction.

The time of Judge Ostrander's office was nearly up, and his future continuance on the bench might very easily depend upon his attitude at the present hearing. Yet he, without apparent recognition of this fact, showed without any hesitancy or possibly without self-consciousness, the sympathy he felt for the man at the bar, and ruled accordingly almost without variation.

A week passed, and the community was all a-gog, in anticipation of the judge's charge in the case just mentioned. It was to be given at noon, and Mrs. Scoville, conscious that he had not slept an hour the night before (having crept down more than once to listen if his step had ceased), approached him as he prepared to leave for the courtroom and anxiously asked if he were quite well.

"Oh, yes, I'm well," he responded sharply, looking about for Reuther. The young girl was standing a little behind him, with his gloves in her hand—a custom she had fallen into in her desire to have his last look and fond good morning.

He Was Company All Right. "Make yourself perfectly at home. We don't look on you as company." "Don't believe 'em, mister. They made me wash my face and hands just because you were coming to supper."

The Trouble. "Now, let me tell you about this new hat of mine. It came direct from—" "You needn't go all over that again. Anybody to look at you can see you've got Panama on the brain."

"Come here, child," said he, in a way to make her heart beat; and, as he took the gloves from her hand, he stooped and kissed her on the forehead—something he had never done before. "Let me see you smile," said he. "It's a memory I like to take with me into the courtroom."

But when, in her pure delight at his caress and the fatherly feeling which gave a tremor to his simple request, she lifted her face with that angelic look of hers which was far sweeter and far more moving than any smile, he turned away abruptly, as though he had been more hurt than comforted, and strode out of the house without another word.

Morning passed and the noon came, bringing Deborah an increased uneasiness. When lunch was over and Reuther sat down to her piano, the feeling had grown into an obsession, which had soon resolved itself into a definite fear. She found herself so restless that she decided upon going out. Donning her quietest gown and veil, she slipped out of the front door, hardly knowing whither her feet would carry her.

They did not carry her far—not at this moment, at least. On the walk outside she met Miss Weeks hurrying toward her from the corner, stumbling



"Come Here, Child," Said He, in a Way to Make Her Heart Beat.

In her excitement. At sight of Deborah's figure she paused and threw up her hands.

"Oh, Mrs. Scoville, such a dreadful thing!" she cried. "Look here!" And, opening one of her hands, she showed a few torn scraps of paper whose familiarity made Deborah's blood run cold.

"On the bridge," gasped the little lady, leaning against the fence for support. "Pasted on the railing of the bridge. I should never have seen it, nor looked at it, if it hadn't been that I—"

"Don't tell me here," urged Deborah. "Let's go over to your house. See, there are people coming."

Once in the house, Deborah allowed her full apprehension to show itself.

"What were the words? What was on the paper? Anything about—"

The little woman's look of horror stopped her.

"It's a lie, an awful, abominable lie. But think of such a lie being pasted up on that dreadful bridge for anyone to see. After twelve years, Mrs. Scoville! After—"

"Miss Weeks—" Ah, the oil of that golden speech on troubled waters! What was its charm? "Let me see those lines or what there is left of them so that I may share your feelings. They must be dreadful—"

"They are more than dreadful. They are for the kitchen fire. Wait a moment and then we will talk."

But Deborah had no mind to let these pieces escape her eye. Nor did she fall. At the end of fifteen minutes she had the torn bits of paper arranged in their proper position and was reading these words:

The scene of Oliver's crime.

"The beginning of the end!" was Deborah's thought. "If, after Mr.

Black's efforts, a charge like this is found posted up in the public ways, the ruin of the Ostranders is determined upon, and nothing we can do can stop it."

In five minutes more she had said good-by to Miss Weeks and was on her way to the courthouse. As she approached it she was still further alarmed by finding this square full of people, standing in groups or walking impatiently up and down with their eyes fixed on the courthouse doors. Within, there was the uneasy hum, the anxious look, the subdued movement which marks an universal suspense. Announcement had been made that the jury had reached their verdict, and counsel were resuming their places and the judge his seat.

Those who had eyes only for the latter—and these were many—noticed a change in him. He looked older by years than when he delivered his charge. Not the prisoner himself gave greater evidence of the effect which this hour of waiting had had upon a heart whose covered griefs were, consciously or unconsciously, revealing themselves to the public eye. He did not wish this man sentenced. This was shown by his charge—the most one-sided one he had given in all his career.

Silence, that awful precursor of doom, lay in all its weight upon every ear and heart, as the clerk, advancing with the cry, "Order in the court," put his momentous question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you ready with your verdict?"

A hush!—then, the clear voice of the foreman:

"We are."

"How do you find? Guilty or not guilty?"

Another hesitation. Did the foreman feel the threat lurking in the air about him? If so, he failed to show it in his tones as he uttered the words which released the prisoner:

"Not guilty."

A growl from the crowd, almost like that of a beast stirring in its lair, then a quick cessation of all hubbub as every one turned to the judge to whose one-sided charge they attributed this release.

Deborah experienced in her quiet corner no alleviation of the fear which had brought her into this forbidding spot and held her breathless through these formalities.

For the end was not yet. Through all the turmoil of noisy departure and the drifting out into the square of a vast, dissatisfied throng, she had caught the flash of a bit of paper (how introduced into this moving mass of people no one ever knew) passing from hand to hand, toward the solitary figure of the judge, its delay as it reached the open space between the last row of seats and the judge's bench and its final delivery by some officious hand, who thrust it upon his notice just as he was rising to leave.

Deborah saw his finger tear its way through the envelope and his eyes fall frowningly on the paper he drew out.

Then the people's counsel and the counsel for the defense and such clerks and hangers-on as still lingered in the upper room experienced a decided sensation.

The judge, who a moment before had towered above them all in melancholy but impressive dignity, shrunk with one gasp into feebleness and sank back stricken, if not unconscious, into his chair.

It happened suddenly and showed her the same figure she had seen once before—a man with faculties suspended, but not impaired, facing them all with open gaze but absolutely dead for the moment to his own condition and to the world about.

But, horrible as this was, what she saw going on behind him was infinitely worse. A man had caught up the bit of paper Judge Ostrander had let fall from his hand and was opening his lips to read it to the curious people surrounding him.

She tried to stop him. She forced a cry to her lips which should have rung through the room, but which died away on the air unheard. The terror which had paralyzed her limbs had choked her voice.

But her ears remained true. Low as he spoke, no trumpet-call could have made its meaning clearer to Deborah Scoville than did these words:

"We know why you favor criminals. Twelve years is a long time, but not long enough to make wise men forget."

CHAPTER XII.

"The Misfortunes of My House."

Schooled as most of them were to face with minds secure and tempers quite unruffled the countless surprises of a courtroom, the persons within hearing paled at the insinuation conveyed in these two sentences, and with scarcely the interchange of a glance or word, drew aside in a silence which no man seemed inclined to break.

As for the people still huddled in the doorway, they rushed away helter-skelter into the street, there to proclaim the judge's condition and its probable cause—an event which to many quite eclipsed in interest the more ordinary

one which had just related to Deborah a man seemingly doomed.

Few persons were now left in the great room, and Deborah, embarrassed to find that she was the only woman present, was on the point of escaping from her corner when she perceived a movement take place in the rigid form from which she had not yet withdrawn her eyes, and, regarding Judge Ostrander more attentively, she caught the gleam of his suspicious eyes as he glanced this way and that to see if his lapse of consciousness had been noticed by those about him.

Wherever the judge looked he saw abstracted faces and busy hands, and, taking heart at not finding himself watched, he started to rise. Then memory came—blasting, overwhelming memory of the letter he had been reading; and, rousing with a start, he looked down at his hand, then at the floor before him, and, seeing the letter lying there, picked it up with a secret, sidelong glance to right and left, which sank deep into the heart of the still watchful Deborah.

If those about him saw, they made no motion. Not an eye looked round and not a head turned as he straightened himself and proceeded to leave the room. Only Deborah noted how his steps faltered and how little he



He Assumed Some Show of His Old Commanding Presence.



He Assumed Some Show of His Old Commanding Presence.

was to be trusted to find his way unguided to the door. It lay to the right and he was going left. Now he stumbles—isn't there any one to—yes, she is not the sole one on watch. The same man who had read aloud the note and then dropped it within reach, had stepped after him, and kindly, if artfully, turned him towards the proper place of exit. As the two disappear, Deborah wakes from her trance, and, finding herself alone among the seats, hurries to quit her corner and leave the building.

The glare—the noise of the square, as she dashes down into it seems for the moment unendurable. The pushing, panting mass of men and women of which she has now become a part, closes about her, and for the moment she can see nothing but faces—faces with working mouths and blazing eyes. Thick as the crowd was in front, it was even thicker here, and far more tumultuous. Word had gone about that the father of Oliver Ostrander had been given his lesson at last, and the curiosity of the populace had risen to fever-heat in their anxiety to see how the proud Ostrander would bear himself in his precipitate downfall. They had crowded there to see and they would see.

He was evidently not prepared to see his path quite so heavily marked out for him by the gaping throng; but after one look, he assumed some show of his old commanding presence and advanced bravely down the steps, awing some and silencing all, until he had reached his carriage step and the protection of the officers on guard.

Then a hoot rose from some far-off quarter of the square, and he turned short about and the people saw his face. Despair had seized it, and if any one there desired vengeance, he had it. The knell of active life had been rung for this man. He would never remount the courthouse steps, or face again a respectful jury.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What an Author Does.

Margaret Turnbull, author of the recently published novel, "Looking After Sandy," is a believer in the "back to the country" slogan—that is, temporarily. "I run down to the country," she says, "whenever I want to write—whether summer or winter—away from telephone and all other distractions of the town. I find that the only way to get a lot of work done. I like to walk, play tennis, row, dance—and cook. Otherwise I'm just like everybody else."

How to avoid Operations

These Three Women Tell How They Escaped the Dreadful Ordeal of Surgical Operations.

Hospitals are great and necessary institutions, but they should be the last resort for women who suffer with ills peculiar to their sex. Many letters on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., prove that a great number of women after they have been recommended to submit to an operation have been made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are three such letters. All sick women should read them.



Marinette, Wis.—"I went to the doctor and he told me I must have an operation for a female trouble, and I hated to have it done as I had been married only a short time. I would have terrible pains and my hands and feet were cold all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured, and I feel better in every way. I give you permission to publish my name because I am so thankful that I feel well again."
—Mrs. FRED BENNKE, Marinette, Wis.

Detroit, Mich.—"When I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so run down with female troubles that I could not do anything, and our doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. I could hardly walk without help so when I read about the Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others I thought I would try it. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and used them according to directions. They helped me and today I am able to do all my work and I am well."
—Mrs. THOS. DWYER, 989 Milwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

Bellevue, Pa.—"I suffered more than tongue can tell with terrible bearing down pains and inflammation. I tried several doctors and they all told me the same story, that I never could get well without an operation and I just dreaded the thought of that. I also tried a good many other medicines that were recommended to me and none of them helped me until a friend advised me to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The first bottle helped, I kept taking it and now I don't know what it is to be sick any more and I am picking up in weight. I am 20 years old and weigh 145 pounds. It will be the greatest pleasure to me if I can have the opportunity to recommend it to any other suffering woman."
—Miss IRENE FROELICHER, 1923 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.

If you would like special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Surely Not the Old Crowd.

"Ah, my boy," said the millionaire, "I hear that you are going the pace that kills."
"Pshaw! Don't believe everything you hear, dad," answered the gilded youth. "I've been told that my escapades are nothing as compared to yours when you were a young man."
"Ahem! That's absurd. I—or—Who have you been running with, anyhow?"

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Imports of France during the first half of 1915 were \$710,000,000, a decrease of \$181,800,000 from a year ago.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary quinine and can be taken by anyone. 25c.

A man never knows what a woman thinks of him—nor does she.

Best Place.

"I want my advertisement put next to pure reading matter."
"All right; we'll put it right next to the most sensational murder on the page."

RHEUMACIDE FOR RHEUMATISM.

A few people still imagine that Rheumatism can be cured by outward applications, but the best medical science today recognizes the necessity of internal treatment to eliminate excess uric acid and Rheumacide does this. Your druggist keeps it.—Adv.

Its Class.

"What did you say when the author asked you what you thought of that rotten open-fireplace episode in his play?"
"Told him no lie—said I thought it was a grate scene."

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Matrimonial bonds are always a source of revenue to ministers.

New Treatment for Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Head Colds

Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve Relieves by Inhalation and Absorption.

No Dosing. No need to take internal medicines or habit forming drugs for these troubles. When Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve is applied to the heat of the body, soothing, medicated vapors are released that are inhaled all night long through the air passages to the lungs. In addition, Vick's is absorbed through the skin, relieving the tightness and soreness. Vick's can be applied over the throat and chest and covered with a warm flannel cloth—or a little put up the nostrils—or melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapors arising. Also for Asthma and Hay Fever, rub Vick's well over the spinal column to relax the nervous tension. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

VICK'S "VAPORUB" SALVE

TESTS QUALITIES OF CLOTH

English Town, It Is Claimed, Has Machine That Makes It Possible to Tell Value of Goods.

A machine for testing the wearing quality of cloth has been produced in Bradford, England. It may be found of interest to American firms which manufacture, sell or use textile fabrics. Relative wearing qualities of different pieces of cloth may be determined by placing them in the machine and giving them a uniform number of rubs, perhaps two hundred each. This makes it possible to compare one kind of cloth with its imitation, or to compare cloth samples of the same character from different mills.

A piece of cloth is clamped in a rigid jaw and passes over a rubbing

surface formed by dull blades set in a cylinder. This cylinder makes one revolution clockwise, then one in the opposite direction, and this is recorded by a counter as one rub. The other end of the cloth is clamped to a roller, from which any number of weights can be suspended, and thus put the cloth in tension. The machine can be driven by an electric motor. When the cloth is worn through the machine automatically stops.